LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION. ADDISON RAILROAD

Mixed train heaves Ti at 6:50 A. M; arriving at Leicester Junction at 8:50 A. M. Mixed train heaves Leicester Junction at 7:25 P. M. at arriving at Ti 8:50, P. M. POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

From Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East, Middlebury, Corawail, West Cornwail and Bridgort. 9:00 A. M. Way mail from north 19:22 P. M. New York, Rutland and Albany 7:30 A. M. S. S. 42 P. M. MAILS CLOSE. CHURCH DIRECTORY.

MIDDLEBURY.

Baptist—Meeting in the Court House, Rev. C. Hibbard, pastor. Subtath services at 10:45 n. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school at 12 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Congregational—Corner Picesant and Main sts. Rev. E. P. Hooker, pastor. Sunday services at 19:45 A.M. and 7:00 F.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:00.

Methodist—North Picasant-st. Rev. M. B. Mead, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 F.M. Thursday evening at 7:00. Ulass meeting on Friday evening at 7:00. Ulass meeting on Friday evening at 7:00. Ulass meeting on Friday evening at 7:00. Lines meeting on Friday evening at 7:00. M. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 F.M. Roman Catholic—Weybridge-st. Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Sunday services, alternate Sabbaths; High Mass at 10:00 A.M.; Vespers and boundation at 6:30 F.M.

EAST MIDDLEBURY. MIDDLEBURY. EAST MIDDLEBURY. Sunday servi

Baptist—Rev. David F. Estes, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Methodist—Rev. M. A. Wicker, pastor. Sunday errices at 1:00 and 7:00 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Episcopal—St. Paul's Church—Rev. F. S. Fisher, octor. Sunday services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Priday evening at 7:00.

Mission Chaptel—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Roman Catholic—Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. ervices, alternate Sabbaths; High Mass at 10:00 a.m., Vespers and benediction at 6:00 p.m.

Coapregational—Hev. George E. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Congregational—Rev. J. A. Devine, pasion many services at 11, A. M., and f. P. M. and S. P. M. a Bristol Directory.

Bristol Directory.
CHURCHES.

Baptist—Rev. W. D. Hall, apstor. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Young people's Methodist—Rev. L. A. Dibble, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at Elder Bosworth's house.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From New Haven, the North, New York, Boston and the West through Burlington, 1:30. F. M.

From New Haven, the South, New York, Boston, and the West. 3:00 F. M.

From Richmond, Huntington, 1. on, and the West. 5:00 P. M.
From Richmond, Huntington, Huntington Cener, and Starksboto, 4:40 P. M. Mondays Wednes are and Fridays, at 4:20 P. M.
From Lincoln, 5 P. M.
From South Starksboro, three times a week in From New Haven Mills, three times a week ir

For New Haven, Boston, New York, and the South, 10:39 a. M.
For New Haven, the North, Boston, New York, and the West through Burlington, 2:30 P. M.
For Richmond, Starksboro, Huntington and Huntington Center, 7:30 Tucsdays, Thursdays, at 7:30 a. m.
For Lincoln, 6:30 P. M.
For South Starksboro, three times a week irregularly.

arly. For New Haven Mills three times a week irreg-FREDERICK LANDON, P. M. BUSINESS CARDS.

LEN HOUSE.—East Middlebury, Vermon W. H. KINGSLEY, Dentist. Up stairs in Styles' new Block, Middlebury, Vt.

AMOS H. CARPENTER, Autorney and Counsellor at law, Middlebury Vt. Office in Allen's Block. 29-1y AMES M. SLADE, Attorney and Counse for at Law, and Solicitor and Master nancery. Office in Brewster's Block. Middlebury, Vt., April 2, 1877.

(7AN NESS HOUSE. Burlington, Vt.

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Middlebury

Register.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER 3, 1880.

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VOL. XLV.

AND

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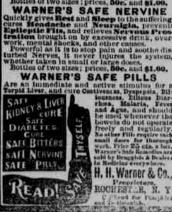


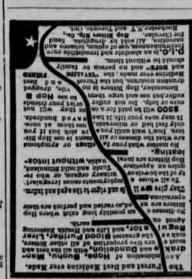
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AACHILOR'S CO NEESSION.

I lived in a French flat, Of course there are objections to French flats. So there are to most things. I can't aftord a hotel, and I detest a boarding house. A backelor of thirty odd, who has been at the mercy of boarding house keepers all his days, can easily understand that.

And when the fire was burning cheerfully in the grate, the first rainy May evening, the student lamp shining softly on the red, carved table, and the waiter from a neighboring restaurant had brought in my frugal dinner of a broiled bigd, a mould of currant jelly, a slice of roast beef, and a raspberry dumpling, I considered myself pretty comfortable.

"Ulron the whole" says I to myself

"Upon the whole," says I to myself,
"I rather approve of French flats."
I rang the bell.

The janitor—a respectful, decent sort of fellow, in a round jacket and carpet slippers—answered the summons.

"Janitor," said 1, "who occupies the loor above?" "Nobody, sir," the men answered.

"Last party moved out yesterday. New party moves in to-morrow." "A large family?" said I rather dubionsly.
"Bless your heart, sir," said the man, "no family at all—single lady, sir!"

At this I congratulated myself more

"I shall have a prospect of a little peace now, I think," said I, and ate my dinner in a fool's paradise of happiness.

The single lady moved in on the morrow. She must have moved in when I was down town selecting some new mill-boards and color tubes for the summer sketches that I intended to make, for when I returned, fondly expecting once more to enter into my kingdom of peace and serenity, every thing was changed.

There was a banging and pounding

over my head, a thumping and hammering—a sound as if some middle-aged giantess in hobnatied shoes was enjoying herself in a promenade.

I sent for the janitor in a rage.

"Is this house coming down?" said "It's the new tenant a movin' in

sir," said he apologetically,
"Does her furniture consist entirely
of Herring's safes and square pianos," "There is two pianos, sir," said he.
"She is musical."
"The duce she is!" I roared. "Two

the man, with a distressed expression of countanance.
I endured the noise until midnight I endured the hoise until intellight and then sent up to the janitor's wife. "The third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and would like to know if this sort of thing is to go on all night."

Down came the woman again, "Fourth floor's compliments to the hird floor, and wishes to know if he expects people to get settled without a

The next day the piano—only one, sowever—commenced. I was elaborating a skeleton for a scientific essay, and it disturbed me-seriously. I enhanced it as long as I possibly could, and then I hard then I had the scientific essay. nd then I had recourse once more to ne janitor's wife. "Third floor's compliments to the burth floor, and will feel obliged if she

will favor me with a little peace and quietness, long enough to do some necsarv writing eased abruptly.

But that evening, when I was begining to solace myself with a little vio-

in practice in the twilight, tap, tap, ap, came the janitor's wife at my "Fourth floer's compliments to the third floor, and will feel obliged if he will favor her with a little peace and quietness, long enough to write a let-

How I hated that woman! So we lived for a mouth, exchanging constant missiles of warfare. I could sheerfully have given up that miserable Freuch flat and gone back to boarding, only unluckily I had engaged it for a year. The fourth floor elecutionized, and had friends to select private readings, whose voices were deeper than Hamlet's and more sonorons than that of Charlotte Cushmau. She was char-itable and had classes of heavy booted

"Isn't it dreadtul?" said I.
"Horrid!" said she, closing her lips
(bough she meant it. "And there's a female dragon occu-ples the floor above me and torments

me out of my life."

"Well, if this isn't a remarkable coincidence," said Barbara. "There's a
detestable old crab of a bachelor under
out of the control o me, who takes all the pleasure out of

"fourth floor."
"What!" cried I, "not to Fernando

out, breathless. "Are you the fourth?" I counter uestioned.
"But you're not a crab at all!"
"Nor are you a dragon. On the con-

But what matters it what we said? Things were altered from the very beginning. I took my violin up stairs
Library of Modern Classics; Acme
the next day, and helped my divine
Barbara out with a sonata of Beethoand third series; the Koran of Mohamven's. I suggested a new educational theory for the hobnailed classes. I lis-

That cows acknowledge individuality among themselves is evident from the fact that in every herd there is sure to be one master cow who domineers over all the rest. Watch the thirsty herd going to drink at a pool on a sultry summer day, and you will see the master cow enter first, unopposed by the others, who, should the pool be a small one, will not presume to join her in it, but will wait patiently on the bank till she leaves the water, even though she may choose to remain there, swishing her tail at the flies and enjoying the cool bath for her legs, for some time after she has finished quenching her thirst. To the human spectator it would seem that she is selfishly and needlessly prolonging the thirst of her friends; but they do not resent her self-indulgence, nor attempt to hurry her, but only humbly wait till it shall be her pleasure to make room for them to go and drink. For is not she their undisputed chief, and shall not a chief have privileges?

A contributor to an English journal tells the following story of the "top boas" in his herd, named Dulas: She is neither the biggest, nor the strongest, nor the longest homed of the party, and how she has acquired her supremacy we know not, but we imagine that it must be through sheer force of character and will. We one day had an opportunity of watching her lead her companions to a place of mischief, which they all quite

m't know, sir, I'm sure," said an opportunity of watching her lead her companions to a place of mischief, which they ail quite evidently knew to be against the laws of their human superiors, and therefore to be done on the sly, if possible. The cows were in a field adjoining a rick-yard, and will possible to be done on the sly, if possible. The cows were in a field adjoining a rick-yard, and in the rickyard was an outhouse, wherein some mangels were stored. The field was separated from the rickyard by a hedge, in which was a hurdle; and twice in one day had the cows were in a field adjoining a rick-yard, and in the rickyard was an outhouse, wherein some mangels were stored. The field was separated from the rickyard by a hedge, in which was a hurdle; and twice in one day had the cows were in a field adjoining a rick-yard, and in the rickyard was an outhouse, wherein some mangels were stored. The field was separated from the rickyard by a hedge, in which was a hurdle; and twice in one day had the roblew in the rickyard was an outhouse, wherein some mangels were stored. The field was separated from the rickyard by a hedge, in which was a hurdle; and three just in time to see it done. While the men who had driven them back to the field were still near, the cows all pretended to be grazing in tranquility as though no higher if ambition than grass had ever entered their innocent minds. But no sooner did the coast appear to be clear, than off set Duisa toward the hurdle, with a squick and resolute step, shaking her head to extract the hurdle with a most defiant and jaunty air the struck of th of watching her lead her compan

proceeded triumphantly to the mangels, with all her companions at her beels. Now, in this case, Dulas seems to have used some reasoning power; for there was no attempt made to hatter down the gate by brute force, and she had discovered the necessity of lifting it upward. She has a talent for opening gates with easy fastenings which is rather troublesome, putting her horns in and working head about until she gets the fastenings undone. And in this, also, she seems to show reason or observation, for else how would she know which part of the gate to strike?

of Charlotte Cushman. She was charitable and had classes of heavy booted girls twice a week, to sing bymns and learn to sew. A single lady, indeed! If she had been a quadruple lady she could not have made more noise, nor enjoyed the making of it more.

At the close of the month, however, an incident happened which turned the current of my whole life. I went on a picnic. I don't often go to affairs of that kind; but this was an especially select affair, gotten up by my friend Harold Webster. I went, and there met Harbara Willis, and fell straightway in love with ber. She wasn't exactly young, but neither am I—and to my taste a full blown rose is sweeter than a bud wherever you find it growing. She was dark-eyed, with full cherry lips, satiu brown hair and a complexion as fresh as roses and ivory. We talked—our ideas coincided ex. Women's Rights in Mississippt.

ing. She was dark-eyed, with full cherry lips, sails brown hair and a complexion as fresh as roses and ivory. We talked—our ideas coincided exactly. It seemed as though our souls were two looking glasses, to mirror each other's.

"Miss Willis," cried I, "Why is it that we have never met before? I feel as if we were old, old friends!"

As I spoke I gently pressed her hand, and she smiltd back unutterable things.

I went to my friend Webster, who was making up quadrilles on the upper deck. We were accompanied by an excellent brass band.

"Oh, Harold," said I, "I can never thank you enough for introducing me to that angel!"

"Do you mean Barbara Willis?" said he. "Well, I do think she is rather a fine gir!,"

We grew confidential as we sat together on the promenade 'deck and watched the moonlight ripple over the surface of the tides.

"A bachelor's life is but half a life, Miss Willis," said I.
"I can readily imagine that," said she, softly.

"I live in a flat," confessed I.
"Do you?" said Barbara (the sweet old English name was just like her.)

"Why, how strange! So do I!"

house keepers all his days, can easily understand that.

So when I engaged a suit of roomsthird floor in a French flat edifice—and arranged my household goods therein, with a fine lookout over a green dot of a park in front, and the glimmer of a palisade far in the rear, above a forest of shipping, I considerd myself well off What is my profession? I haven't any in particular. Am an artist, and draw a little, daily, in front of my easel, I contribute to the press, and write when the divine inflatus seizes me. I read the law when I feel like it, and draw a little income from a sung little property left me by an uncle in India. Consequently I was able to decorate my new quarters very prottily with Bagdad rugs, old China dragons, black and gold Japanese scr. cas, and pictures I had picked up at a bargain.

And when the fire was burning the peak of notifying ns otherwise, we shall I drive to?" said the pictures I had picked up at a bargain.

And when the fire was burning the peak of notifying ns otherwise, we shall one of notifying ns otherwise, we shall the pleasure out of my existence."

"I roomised to see you home, Miss will be most will be not hiskly.

"You need not trouble yourself, webster," said I. "I shall be most happy."

I called a hack, helped the divine Barbara in, feeling more and more as if I were walking in cloudland.

"Where shall I drive to?" said the man.

And when the fire was burning the people of the county by sending our paper to persons not subscribers with a notification that unless they take the trouble and expense of notifying ns otherwise, we shall consider them as wishing to be enrolled amount agents to beg unwilling parties to take the paper. But believing that, our subscribers and others can help us best by working among their neighbors, we have decided to offer them the following inducement to do so. In our advertising columns may be found the announcement of the American Book Ex. tising columns may be found the annonncement of the American Book Ex-"Exactly," said she.
"Why, that's where I live."
"Are you the third floor?" she cried good, clear type, on good paper, and bound in substantial style. They are bound in substantial style. We offer as a premium for one new subscriber any of the books in that list whose price does not exceed forty cents. med, Pilgrim's Progress; Arabian tened enchanted to her recitation of Tennyson's Brook; and at the end of the quarter we are to be married—Barbara one volume, Esop's Fables, Milton's Nights, Robinson Crusoe, Munchau-

one volume, Esop's Fables, Milton's Poetical Works, Works of Dante, Works of Vigril, Homer's Illad, Homers Cdyssey, Arnold's Light of Asia, and others. Any of the fifty cent works in the list can be obtained under the offer by avaing the extra control of the co fer by paying the extra ten cents in cash.
For two new subscribers we offer my of the publications where price does

any of the publications where price does not exceed one dollar. For three new subscribers any whose price does not exceed a dollar and a half. Under this headcome Macaulay's History of England in three volumes. Works of Flavins Josephus, Plutarch's Lives, etc.

Lives, etc. For a larger number of subscriber we offer the publications whose price exceeds \$1.50 at the same rate of fifty cents for each new subscribor obtained. Thus for twenty-two new subscribers if received before Jan. 1 next, we will give the large type edition of Chamber's celebrated Eccyclopædia, in ten vol-umes, which contains more matter than either Appleton's or Johnson's Cyclopedias.

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tlice, or furnished on short notice

Do you know, anyhow, I don't feel much reverence for old things that are simply old? I suppose it is heathenish and awfully boorish, but I can't help it. A man shows me a teapot or a toothbrush and tells me his grandmother used them fifty-six years and that was one hundred and sixty-two years ago. I can't uncover my head, and go down before the venerable relic on my bended kn es, in a spirit of veneration. I feel more like telling him it was time the old girl got new ones. Family relics, like family babies have no sort of interest for any outside of the family. Here, the other day a man bought an old spinning wheel. "One hundred and twelve years old." he told me, proudly, and he was going to take it houe, and set it up in his library and never part with it. And for the life of me. I couldn't see why. It had no interest in the world for him beyond its age. He might have gone out into the street and picked up a boulder two thousand years old with just as much local and historical interest for him as the spinning wheel. But that the former owner of the spinning wheel should sell it for money, that did surprise me. It had a world of memories for him. He could touch the treadle and the whirring wheel would croom out the same old monories for him. He could touch the treadle and the crafte songs that had hushed him to sleep in his baby days; it would sing to him in his mannood and in the long evenings of his old age, of a white-haired "grandma" and a mother with patient face and beautiful eyes: it would sing of a thousand old-time memories and forgotten taces; it would sing to him in his mannood and in the long evenings of his old age, of a white-haired "grandma" and a mother with patient face and beautiful eyes: it would sing to him in his mannood and the him to sleep in his baby days; it would sing to him in his mannood and the heat heat had beautiful eyes; it would sing of a thousand old-time memories and forgotten taces; it would sing to him in his mannood and the with warrings of his old age, of a white-haired pa

NO. 36. An Elephant Kills His Keeper. Upon the arrival of Jain Robinson's rous at Charlotte, & C., a scene of

great excitement enset posequent on the bad temper and speed of "Chief," the largest and make the of "Chief," the largest and make the process of unloading the animals. "Chief had been taken off the car. Nothing remarkable occurred till the keeper of the elephants, John King, was hear, to cry out: "Look out, there! If that elephant hits any of you, I will not be responsible." Almost immediately after giving this warning, King, who was a powerfully-bailt man, stepped round to "Chief's" head and was in the act of turning him round when the people heard him call the animal by name in what they regarded as a frightened tone. In a moment more the monster, who was enraged, was seen by the crowd to turn upon the unfortunate keeper gand crush him against the car. King sank to the ground without a groan, and the attendants who were with him fled in terror and dismay. The crowd scattered up Trade street and the wildest confusion followed. The men were afraid to approach the infuriated animal and King was allowed to remain for several minutes on the ground where he had fallen. The elephant surveyed the scene for an instant, gave a short snort and started at a brisk pace up the railroad track. As soon as he was out of reach King was picked up apparently lifeless and conveyed across the street to a barber shop, where several doctors were summoned. In the meantime the elephant continued up the track, and the report getting abroad that he was loose in the streets, the excitement increased. The crowd which first collected about the crossing and the door of the shop into which King had been carried scattered up the street and all sorts of reports were alloat, no one being able on account of the darkness to determine the whereabouts of the slephant. It was suggested that a party be organized to start in pursuit with the view of shooting him, but bef'ri any plans could be formed it was learned that the circus men were following him, and would no doubt succeed in capturing him. To do this they had to take with them Mary, the femal

German natural sts are requested by a Silesian newspaper to reflect on a curious propensity of the frog, alleged to nave been discovered during the draining of some huge carp ponds upon Count Schaafgotsche's estate of Warmbrunn. Upon transferring the fish from these preserves to baskets, for the purpose of conveying them to tanks wherein they might disport themselves whilst their old familiar quarters were being cleansed, it was observed that frogs were clinging to the backs of many of the larger carp. Most of the fish thus beridden were blind, the frogs fore-feet being found tirmly fixed in the eye-sockets of their victims.

Interrogated respecting this strange phenomenon, the chief pond-keeper toid our contemporary's informant that, according to his experience, extending over several years, frogs were the deadliest enemies with which carp had to contend, and caused an annual mortality of the fish under his care of from three to four per cent. of their total number. The frog's object in bestriding the care

four per cent. of their total number. The frog's object in bestriding the carp, he said, was to feed upon the silmy matter that so frequently forms a sort of spongy crust on the heads and backs of the older fish; and, once settled in their favorite seat they specific recorded in spongy crust on the heads and backs of the older fish; and, once settled in their favorite sent, they speedly succeeded in gouging their finny steeds, which, when blinded, being unable to look out for their food, soon perished of hunger. How tightly these voracious batrachians hold on to their living partures was exemplified by the pond-master, who picked up a carp weighing two pounds and a half, and held it suspended in the air by one of the hind-legs of a frog perched upon its back in the manner above described. Carps thus frog-ridden to death begin to turn yellow on the third day after the parasitical croaker has taken his seat, rapidly waste away and generally die within a fortnight from the commencement of their martyrdom. In clear water it is pretended that they can espy their nimble foe as he prepares to spring upon them, and by a timely wriggle often escape his attack; but in dim and slimy old ponds, like those of Count Schanfgotsche, they too frequently in a victim to his saltatory skill and merelless appetite.—London Telegraph.

Nevada's Natural Phenomena.

Nevada is a land of curious natural phenomena. Her rivers have no visible outlet to the ocean. She has no lakes of any magnitude. She has no lakes of any magnitude. She has vast stretches of alikali deserts, however, that give every indication of having been the beds or bottoms of either seas or lakes. Down in Lincoln county there is a spring of ice-cold water that bubbles up over a rock and disappears on the other side, and no one has been able to find where the water goes. At another point in the same county is a large spring, about twenty feet square, that is apparently only some eighteen or twenty inches in depth, with a sandy bottom. The sand can be plainly seen, but on looking closer it is perceived that this sand is in a perpetual state of unrest. No bottom has ever been found to this spring. It is said that a team-ster, on reaching this spring one day, deceived by its apparent shallowness, concluded to soak one of his wagon wheels to cure the looseness of its live. Nevada's Natural Phenomena. wheels to cure the looseness of its fire. He therefore took it off and rolled it into the, as he thought, shallow water. He never laid

and rolled it into the, as he thought, shallow water. He nevel hald his eyes on that wagon wheel again Our mountains are full of caves and caverns many of which have been explored to a great distance. Speaking of caves, a redeo was held hast spring over in Huntington valley. During its progress quite a number of cattle were missed and for a time unavailing scarch was made for them. At last they were traced to the mouth of a natural tunnel or cave in the mountain. The herders entered the cave, and following it for a long distance, at last found the cattle, It appears that they had probably entered the cave, which was very narrow, in search of water. It has finally narrowed so that they could proceed no further. Neither could they turn around to get out. They had been missed some days, and if they had not been found must inevitably have perished in a short time. As it was they were extracted from their predicament with difficulty, by the herders squeezing past and getting in front of them and scaring them into a retrograde movement by flapping their hats into the faces of the stupid bovines.—Eureks Leader.

The Diary of a Dollar.

Found myself yesterday morning in the pocket of a man who had promised to love honor, protect and cherish me with all his might and main. And this morning where am I? Burst. Broken. In a hundred pieces. Lying disjects membra, etc., in grim saloon tills or dirty, pockets. But I anticipate. I was on the reserve force and laid by to pay a bill. my comrade was a fifty-cent piece, who was expected to pay that day's expenses. Suddenly this comrade disappeared. On dit, he was borrowed. I came next. I went thus: For a cigar after breakfast, ten cents; for a glass of beer at 10 a. M., five cents; for four glassos of beer for the crowd at 12 M., twenty cents; for another glass of beer, five cents. Verly, what a shadow is a \$? What a shadow it pursues.—

Rese Fork Graphic.

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in a storm, in danger of wrecks. A meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not as fast as it ought.

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then we think our work in this world is over. That is a sign that the heart has begun to wither—and that is a dreadful kind of old age.

There is no man who has so little sparse.

There is no man who has so little spare time as the one who is thoroughly idle. Idling is of treelf a business which finds even all the waking hours of the day not quite rufficient for its needs.

Do little hopeful things and speak hopeful words whenever you can. They are better than pearls or diamonds to strew along the roadside of life, and will yield a far more valuable har vest.

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with its own acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

It is the impulse and following accounts the condemnation of the world.

world.

It is the impulse and duty of every right-minded man to secure time for himself and his personal culture as well as time for his business. The education of school is the mere portal to the higher education which every one may give to himself. In many cases, in fact, it may be said that education does not begin till we leave school. Use the after-bours for improvement.

How to Write Well.

The following extract is from an article, "Learning to Write," in Popular Science Monthly: We believe that the whole of this method is a mistage; that there is no single system of mecanique for writing, and that a child belonging to the educated classes would be taught much better and more easily if, after being once enabled to make and recognize written letters, it were let alone, and praised or chidden not for its method, but for the result. Let the boy hold his pen as he likes, and write at the pace he likes—hurry, of course, being discouraged—but insist strennously and persistently that his copy shall be legible, shall be clean, and shall approach the good copy set before him, namely, a well-written letter, not a rubbishly text on a single line, written as nobody but a writing-master ever did or will write till the world's end. He will make a muddle at first, but he will soon make a passable imitation of his copy, and ultimately develop a characteristic and strong hand, which may be bad or good, but will not be either meaning less, undecided, or illegible. This land will alter, of course, very greatly as he grows older. It may alter at cleven, because it is at that age the range of the eyes is fixed, and short sight betrays itself; and it will alter at seventeen, because then the system of taking notes at lecture, which ruins most hands, will have cramped and temporarity spoiled the writing; but the character will form itself again, and will never be deficient in clearness or decision. The idea that it is to be clear will havestamped isself, and confidence will not have been destroyed by worrying little rules about attitude and angie and shape which the very invitation of the rules webs. and confidence will not have been destroyed by worrying little rules about attitude and angle and shape which the very irritation of the pupils ought to convince the teachers are, from some personal peculiarity, inapplicable. The lad will write, as he does anything else that he cares to do, as well as he can, and with a certain ediciency and speed. Almost every letter he gets will give him some assistance, and the master's reasonstrances on his illegibility will he attended to like any other caution given remenstrances on his illegibility will be attended to like any other caution given in the corriection

She Kept the Secret. Apropos the Tarrytown-Andre centen-nial celebration a New York paper tells

the following story, which shows that a woman could keep a secret one hundred years ago.

Mrs. See, an old woman living on the Bedford road, about two miles from the Tarryiown denot, tells a picturesque tale of succeeding events as it was told by the participants. Mrs. See, familiarly known as "Aunt Hetsy," says that a party of "Skinners" with their prisoner went directly to "Mug Tavern," near White Plains—a hosteiry presided over by Aunt Polly Reed. Strange to say—considering her sex—Aunt Polly was motorious for her curiosity and in abilify to keep a secret. While ham and eggs were sizzling in the pan for the hungry "Skinners," Aunt Polly was struggling to ascertain the identity of the melancholy young stranger, who was so handsomely clothed in a hits overcoat, claret-colored coat, and nanceen waistcoat and breeches. Finally Paulding seized her by the wrist and drew her close to him.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," stammered the old woman with hardly suppressed eagerness.

"We've got a British spy."

In three minutes the old woman had intrusted household cares to her girl, saddled her white horse, and was galloping to the next house, in a place the pythe road. The "Skinners" But the feaces and brush proved an obstacle, and Aunt Polly was forced to make a long detour by the road. The "Skinners" Sinished their meal and departed, making a straight cut across the country toward "Twitchings." As they approached the house they caught sight of Aunt Polly flying up the road on her white house, daylight showing between hercelf and the saddle at every leap. Her hair streamed out behind. In one hand she swung her luge poke bonnet by the strings, while she shrieked in a shrill, anavering voice: "They've got the spy!"

Throwing His Family to the Wolves, the following story, which shows that a woman could keep a secret one hun-dred years ago.

Scif-preservation is said to be the first law of nature, yet there are circumstances in which this law should be infringed, and the safety of others take precedence of the longing to preserve one's life from the danger which threatens it. No one, for instance, can read, without a feeling of indignation, the subjoined incident, related by a Russian contemporary. A peasant, residing near Moscow, was traveling through a deserted part of the country in a conveyance containing himself, his wife and four children, when the party was pursued by a flock of howling, famishing wolves. The peasant urged the horses along at full speed, but in spite of all the wolves gained every minute on the travelers. A horrible death scenned imminent, when the father devised a plan for personally escaping from tife danger. He took his youngest child in his arms and deliberately threw it to the pursuers. This averted the danger for a brief time, but soon after the wolves were again following the carriage in search of fresh prey. Successively the other three children were thrown to them and delowing the carriage in search of fresh prey. Successively the other three children were thrown to them and devoured, which enabled the man and his wife to reach a weighboring village in safety. The poor mother, who had in vain implored her husband not to sacrifice in this barbarous fashion the lives of her little ones, denounced the unnatural parent to the authorities. The case has just been heard, and the father acquitted, on the theory that he had the right to sacrifice his children since his own life was at stake. The law of his country may absolve him, but every parent will condemn him.